

Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast-talkin' high-tech gun-for-hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL

Well it's been a long time coming (I'M PRETTY SURE EVERY HERO/VILLAIN HAS KILLED US AT LEAST ONCE. Probably.) but we're finally here at the BIG issue #900 (HOW FITTING THAT MY SERIES IS THE FIRST COMIC EVER TO HIT THAT NUMBER, BABY! Must have been all the weekly shipping during my three picture movie career.)! But now that we've reached the BIG #900 and after all those years of carrying second-rate heroes on my shoulders, once again it's me (AND ME), good ol' Wade Wilson, starring in his own series (I DIDN'T LIKE YOU GUYS ANYWAY!).

But instead of getting on with this BIG issue I'll briefly recap my recent team-up issues, as if everyone wasn't buying them religiously (THAT'S RIGHT, I'M TALKING TO YOU!). For the past one hundred and sixty-eight issues I've been side by side with the likes of Wolverine (YES, HE SMELLS), Captain America ("I COME BACK FROM THE DEAD ALL THE TIME AND NO ONE CARES!"), Thor (DOES ANYONE STILL WEAR A CAPE?), and Spider-Man (RED LOOKS BETTER ON ME).

Then there was the woman who stole my heart (LITERALLY). I never thought I'd love again after Black Widow (DUDE, SHE CHOPPED US INTO PIECES...I'm easy), but then Lady Deadpool came along! I never found out who she was but I'll never forget that smokin' body (PRETTY SURE IT WAS JARVIS...Impossible, I'd recognize Jarvis' figure anywhere). And who could forget my brief stint as a teen in those Young Deadpool years pairing up with Power Pack, the New Warriors, and Franklin Richards...what a kid...(DID YOU KNOW HE HAS PSYCHOTIC POWERS? Psionic powers, psionic.)

Now that all of you lazy bums are caught up we can get on with the show! By the way, did I mention this issue is HUGE??? Enjoy it, folks (OR ELSE), this is the once in a lifetime, never before seen in comics history issue #900 of a comic! Wahooo! I can't wait...why are you waiting? Start turning those pages (IMMEDIATELY!).

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF BEA ARTHUR

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CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE @#\$ED-UP KIND

**JASON
AARON**
WRITER

**CHRIS
STAGGS**
PENCILER

**JUAN
VLASCO**
INKER

**MARTE
GRACIA**
COLORIST

CHICO...I'M
GONNA HAVE TO CALL
YOU BACK.



HOW'S IT
LOOKIN' SO FAR
TONIGHT?



(WE GRABBED 17
COWS, ALL OF WHICH
WILL SOON BE
FULLY MUTILATED.)

(HEY, DON'T
ASK ME, I DON'T WRITE
THE PROTOCOLS. I JUST
FOLLOW 'EM.)

(GOD, I'M SO
SICK OF COWS. WHY
DO WE KEEP MUTILATING
STUPID COWS?)

(WE MADE 8
DIFFERENT CROP
CIRCLES TONIGHT. SOME
REALLY NEAT STUFF. THE
BOYS IN ENGINEERING
REALLY OUT--)

(YOU KNOW THE
ORDERS. IF THEY
WANNA COME, WE
CAN'T SAY NO.)

(WHAT THE
HELL, YOU TOOK
ANOTHER GROUPE
ON BOARD?)

(GOOD LORD, I'D
RATHER MATE WITH
THE COWS.)



BEAT YOUR
ALLEN
CHILD



(WHAT'S
ALL THIS?)

(OH, THIS ONE'S
INTERESTING. WE HAVE
HERE ONE 1920'S AMERICAN
STATION WAGON FILLED WITH
VARIOUS DISMEMBERED BODY
PARTS BELONGING TO 38
DIFFERENT MEN OF
SOVIET ORIGIN...)



(AS WELL AS
THE REMAINS OF A
CHIHUAHUA THAT APPEARS
TO HAVE BEEN USED
AS SOME SORT
OF BLUDGEON.)



YOU'RE
LOOKING AT
THE CHIHUAHUA,
RIGHT?

SOMETIMES
I GO TOO FAR.
I'M THE FIRST TO
ADMIT IT.

(AND THEN
THERE'S THIS...
WELL, WHATEVER
THIS IS.)

(WOW...)

(HE'S AN
UGLY LITTLE CUSS,
ISN'T HE?)

SO, YOU BOYS OUT
SELLING TICKETS TO THE
POLICEMAN'S BALL?

PUT ME
DOWN FOR SEVEN.
MY POSSE
ROLLS DEEP.

(UNLIKE THE
REST OF THE
NIGHT'S FINDS, THIS
ONE APPEARS TO
STILL HAVE SOME
LIFE LEFT IN HIM,
DOESN'T HE?)

(INDEED
HE DOES.)



(LET'S JUST
SEE WHAT ELSE HE'S
GOT INSIDE HIM,
SHALL WE?)



BOY, WHEN
YOU GUYS TALK
IT SOUNDS LIKE A
BUNCHA WOUNDED
HIPPOS FARTING.

YOU KNOW ANY
LANGUAGES THAT
WON'T MAKE ME WANNA
RIP OUT MY OWN
AUDITORY CANALS?



(THIS ONE'S TONE
OFFENDS ME. WHAT
SAY WE SKIP THE
PRELIMINARIES.)



(PREPARE
THE ANAL
PROBE.)

WHOZA-
WHATS-NOW?



(UMM... SECURITY... WE MAY HAVE A PROBLEM IN LAB NUMBER FIVE.)



I BELIEVE THIS BELONGS TO ME, THANK YOU.



WELCOME TO EARTH, WING DINGS.



OR ARE WE IN SPACE NOW?

(WAIT... STAY BACK...)

WHAT'S THAT SAYING? "IN SPACE NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU..."

WHAT? WHAT WAS IT?



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!



OH YEAH.



(LOOK AND
LOAD, LADIES! WE
HAVE AN UNKNOWN
ALIEN PRESENCE
LOOSE ON
THE SHIP!)



(MOVE MOVE
MOVE! TIME TO KICK
SOME ASS AND TAKE SOME
NAMES! LET'S GO,
LET'S GO!)



(I GOT
MOVEMENT
UP AHEAD.)

(THERE'S
NOTHING UP
HERE!)

(I'M TELLING YA,
THERE'S SOMETHING
MOVING AND IT
AIN'T US!)

HEH HEH...
SOMETHING'S ABOUT
TO BE MOVING
ALL RIGHT.

AND BY
SOMETHING I
MEAN THIS DRILL...
IN THEIR--





HEY, CHICO!
HERE'S THAT
BURNING IVAN
I TOLD YA
ABOUT!

PLUS A FEW
CLEVELAND TUGBOATS
AND A LOTTA BROOKLYN
BAGPIPES AND THE
BIGGEST GOL-DARNED
CROOKED CHESTER I
EVER SEEN!

WHERE SHOULD
I PARK IT? IS
HERE GOOD?

THE EVER-LOVIN' END.











LUCKY THAT
GEEK DIDN'T SEE
I WAS PALMING
THIS OFF HIS NECK
AS I FLIPPED
OVER HIM.

HEY! MY
EARDRUMS GREW
BACK AFTER THAT
EXPLOSION BLEW
'EM OUT!

WHOOPEE! NOW WE GET
TO HEAR YOU TALK AGAIN.



GUESS I
SHOULD RETURN THESE
LI'L DOOHICKIES TO THE
INSTITUTE, COLLECT
MY FEE...

...THOUGH THEY
DO COME IN HANDY. MAYBE
I SHOULD ARRANGE FOR ONE
OF 'EM TO GO "MISSING."
HEH-HEH...

Wait. If our eardrums
were blown out just
now, why was the
flashback silent, too?

EH. I WASN'T
REALLY LISTENING TO
ANYTHING THAT OLD
GEEK WAS SAYING...

SILENT BUT DEADLY

FRED VAN LENTE WRITER DALIBOR TALAJIC ARTIST

MIKE BENSON
WRITER

DAMION SCOTT
ARTIST

LEE LOUGHRIDGE
COLORIST



BACK THERE IN
THE WAITING ROOM,
THAT WAS--

I'M NOT AT
LIBERTY TO DISCUSS
MY PATIENTS.

WHAT'S WITH
THAT HAIR? I MEAN,
OPEN ANOTHER
BUTTON AND YOU
GOT FABIO.

MR. WILSON,
I'VE SUCCESSFULLY
MANAGED TO HELP A
LOT OF PEOPLE IN
YOUR FIELD--

--YOU MEAN,
LIKE THE
SENTRY--

--BUT UNLESS
YOU'RE WILLING TO
TELL ME WHY YOU'RE HERE,
THERE'S VERY LITTLE
I CAN DO.

THIS IS
NEW TO ME, NEVER
THOUGHT MUCH OF THIS
HOCUS POCUS.

HOCUS
POCUS?

THE VODOO
YOU DO, SITTING
ACROSS FROM SOMEONE
I DON'T KNOW, SPILLING
MY GUTS.

IS THAT
WHAT'S MAKING YOU
SO FIDGETY?

NAH, I THINK
ONE OF MY
THROWING STARS
IS DIGGING INTO
MY BOYS.

YOU SURE
GOT A LOT OF
DIPLOMAS, DOC.
YOU MUST BE
WICKED SMART.

I GRADUATED FIRST
IN MY CLASS AT HARVARD
MEDICAL SCHOOL.

OCCASIONALLY, NOT ALL
THE TIME OF COURSE, BUT
SOMETIMES, I, LIKE, SEE THINGS.
VISIONS, DISTORTED IMAGES
OF A WARPED REALITY.

SO MAYBE
YOU COULD HELP
ME WITH SOMETHING
THAT'S BEEN ON
MY MIND.

THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE.



YOU SAY THEY DON'T HAPPEN A LOT. SO HOW OFTEN DO THEY OCCUR?

OH, THERE'S NO NUMBER SET IN STONE, BUT THE LITTLE PALE MAN BEHIND THE CURTAIN--A.K.A. MY EDITOR--SUGGESTS NO LESS THAN TWO PER BOOK.

FASCIST!

Idiot!

SO, MR. WILSON, ARE YOU PART OF A TEAM?

A TEAM? YOU MEAN, LIKE GOLDLOCKS BACK THERE? NAH, I'M NOT ONE OF THEM BUT PEOPLE MAKE THAT MISTAKE ALL THE TIME 'CAUSE OF THE SPANDEX.

NO, I'M A STRAIGHT-UP MERCENARY. IN THE FIELD, I GO BY DEADPOOL.

REALLY? WELL, THEN I IMAGINE, IN YOUR LINE OF WORK YOU SEE A LOT OF TRAGIC IMAGES--THINGS MEN ONLY SEE IN WARTIME.

SURE, BUT LIKE ANYTHING ELSE--YOU GET USED TO IT.



IN FACT, YOU EVEN MANAGE TO FIND BEAUTY IN THE CARNAGE.

OR MAYBE THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO TELL YOURSELF IN ORDER TO GET UP IN THE MORNING?

TAKING SOMEONE'S LIFE CAN HAVE A POWERFUL EFFECT ON THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND, MR. WILSON.

COME TO THINK OF IT, DOC, I HAVE BEEN RATHER EMO. JUST LAST WEEK I ATE TWO PINTS OF CHUNKY MONKEY WHILE LISTENING TO R.E.M.'S "EVERYBODY HURTS." LIKE, FIVE HUNDRED TIMES IN A ROW. IT'S JUST, LIKE, PEOPLE DON'T GET ME--Y'KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

WHAT'S THERE TO GET--YOU'RE NUTS.

Crazy as a @&#^ house loon.

QUIET!



WHILE WE'RE
ON THIS TOPIC, DOC, DO
ANY OF YOUR PATIENTS
HEAR VOICES?

OH GOD. ARE WE
GETTING SMALLER?

Nah. This is just
a clever way to
represent our poor
shrinking fragile ego.

YOU HEAR
VOICES?

TWO, TO
BE EXACT.
OBNOXIOUS
LITTLE
PESTS...

HELLO, BITE-PLATE.
HERE COMES
ELECTRICITY.

*"All the girls are in
love with me! I'm ■
teenage lobotomy!"*

ARE YOU
FAMILIAR WITH
SCHIZOPHRENIA?

MATTER' A FACT,
■ AM. HAD A COUSIN
WHO WAS DIAGNOSED
WITH IT. STARTED
COLLECTING BOTTLES,
TRASH, FINGERPRINTING
ON WALLS WITH HIS
POOP-- ■ WAS PRETTY
GOOD AT IT, TOO.
DECIDED HE WAS THE
MESSIAH--LIKE WHAT
WOULD THE MESSIAH
NEED ALL THOSE
BOTTLES FOR?

A RARE
COMPONENT SCHIZOIDS
HAVE BE CALLED D.I.D., OR
DISSOCIATIVE IDENTITY
DISORDER. IT'S A CONDITION IN
WHICH MULTIPLE
PERSONALITIES INFLUENCE
THEIR BEHAVIOR.

WELL, I
GOT A WHOLE
LOTTA THAT.

HOW
DO WE FIX
IT?

IT CAN'T BE
FIXED. ONLY TREATED
WITH POWERFUL DRUGS.
BUT THE RESULTS ARE MILD
AT BEST AND THERE ARE
SIDE EFFECTS: SEVERE
WEIGHT GAIN,
EXTREME FATIGUE.

UM. IT'S BEEN
MY EXPERIENCE THAT
FAT, SLEEPY MERCENARIES
AREN'T IN
GREAT DEMAND.



MAYBE IT'S
TIME TO SWITCH
VOCATIONS, MR. WILSON.
LET ME ASK YOU THIS: DOES
IT BOTHER YOU AT ALL?
THE KILLING?

SURE, THERE
ARE TIMES IT DOES--
THE WAY A LIP QUIVERS
THEY'RE BEGGING FOR
MERCY, IT CAN STAY
WITH YOU...

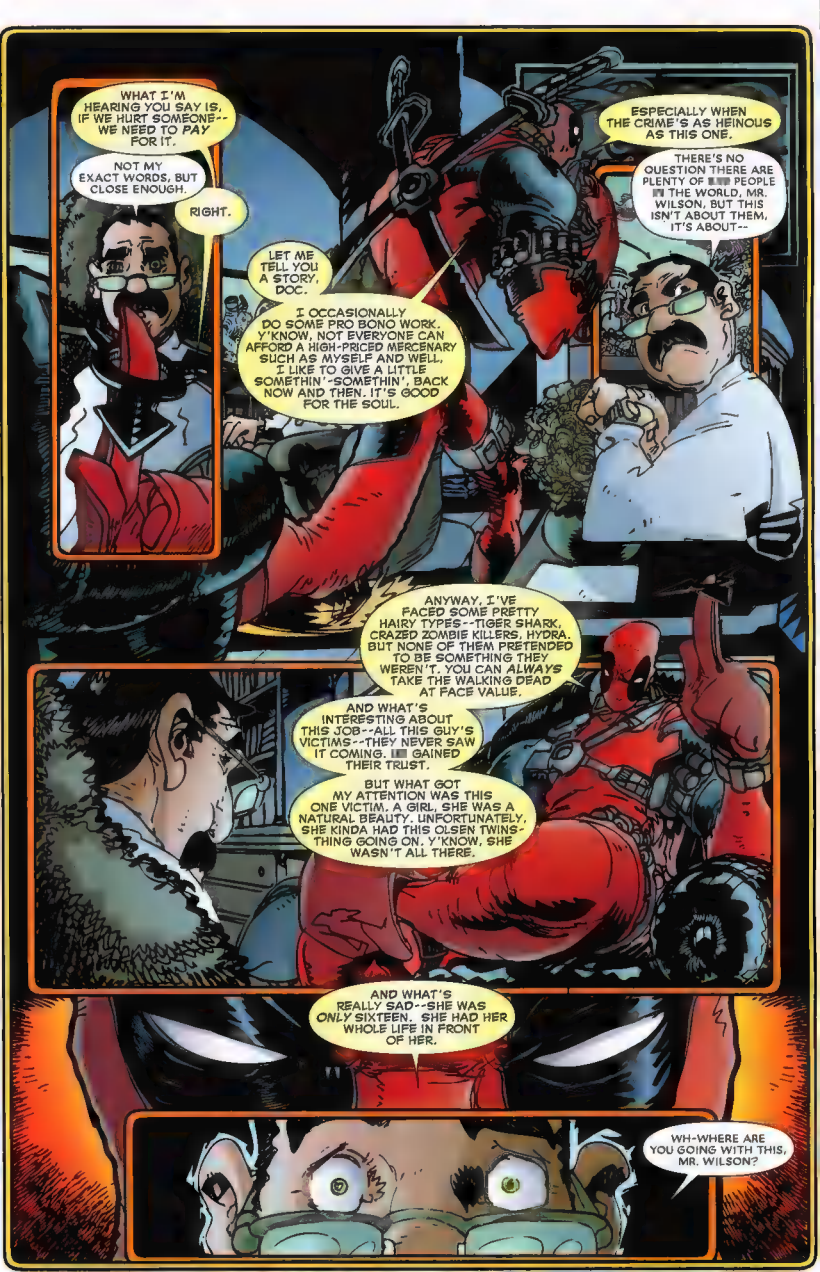
...ESPECIALLY
WHEN THERE'S
A SPARK.

JUST REMEMBER
THIS, MR. WILSON.
EVERYTHING HAS A CAUSE AND
EFFECT. EVERYTHING WE DO
THERE ARE CONSEQUENCES
TO EVERY ACTION
WE TAKE.

YOU KNOW
SOMETHING? YOU'RE RIGHT
ABOUT THAT, DOC. I MEAN, JUST
BECAUSE YOU'RE A LITTLE SCREWY
UPSTAIRS--THAT'S NOT AN EXCUSE
TO DO CERTAIN THINGS. SOME
LINES AREN'T MEANT TO
BE CROSSED...

...AIN'T
THAT RIGHT,
"ROLAND"?

EXCUSE
ME?



WHAT I'M
HEARING YOU SAY IS,
IF WE HURT SOMEONE--
WE NEED TO PAY
FOR IT.

NOT MY
EXACT WORDS, BUT
CLOSE ENOUGH.

RIGHT.

LET ME
TELL YOU
A STORY,
DOC.

I OCCASIONALLY
DO SOME PRO BONO WORK.
Y'KNOW, NOT EVERYONE CAN
AFFORD A HIGH-PRICED MERCENARY
SUCH AS MYSELF AND WELL,
I LIKE TO GIVE A LITTLE
SOMETHIN'-SOMETHIN', BACK
NOW AND THEN. IT'S GOOD
FOR THE SOUL.

ESPECIALLY WHEN
THE CRIME'S AS HEINOUS
AS THIS ONE.

THERE'S NO
QUESTION THERE ARE
PLENTY OF [REDACTED] PEOPLE
IN THE WORLD, MR.
WILSON, BUT THIS
ISN'T ABOUT THEM,
IT'S ABOUT--

ANYWAY, I'VE
FACED SOME PRETTY
HAIRY TYPES--TIGER SHARK,
CRAZED ZOMBIE KILLERS, HYDRA.
BUT NONE OF THEM PRETENDED
TO BE SOMETHING THEY
WEREN'T. YOU CAN ALWAYS
TAKE THE WALKING DEAD
AT FACE VALUE.

AND WHAT'S
INTERESTING ABOUT
THIS JOB--ALL THIS GUY'S
VICTIMS--THEY NEVER SAW
IT COMING. [REDACTED] GAINED
THEIR TRUST.

BUT WHAT GOT
MY ATTENTION WAS THIS
ONE VICTIM. A GIRL. SHE WAS A
NATURAL BEAUTY. UNFORTUNATELY,
SHE KINDA HAD THIS OLSEN TWINS-
THING GOING ON. Y'KNOW, SHE
WASN'T ALL THERE.

AND WHAT'S
REALLY SAD--SHE WAS
ONLY SIXTEEN. SHE HAD HER
WHOLE LIFE IN FRONT
OF HER.

WH-WHERE ARE
YOU GOING WITH THIS,
MR. WILSON?

Y'SEE LIKE
THE OTHERS--THIS YOUNG
GIRL PUT HER FAITH IN HER ABUSER.
AND WHY WOULDN'T SHE? HE WAS
THERE TO HELP HER BUT ALL HE DID WAS
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER. MENTALLY AND
PHYSICALLY. BUT WHEN SHE TRIED TO
TELL PEOPLE WHAT WAS HAPPENING
--WELL, NO ONE BELIEVED
HER. THEY THOUGHT SHE
WAS CRAZY.

AND SO
SHE ENDED UP
TAKING HER
OWN LIFE.

END OF
THE STORY,
RIGHT?

WRONG.

SHE LEFT
A NOTE.

GOODNESS,
HAS IT BEEN AN
HOUR ALREADY?

EXPLAINED
EVERYTHING.

WE'LL HAVE TO
CONTINUE THIS IN OUR
NEXT SESSION.

SIT
THE #\$\$%
DOWN!

SHUNK

SHUNK

SHUNK



HELP THEM
MOVE ON OR IN
JENNIFER'S CASE, HELP
HER POOR GRIEVING FOLKS.
'CAUSE EVEN THOUGH IT'LL NEVER
BRING THEIR DAUGHTER BACK,
IT WILL PREVENT IT FROM EVER
HAPPENING TO SOMEONE
ELSE'S KID.



THE END

PINKY SWEAR

JOE KELLY
WRITER
ROB LIEFELD
ARTIST

PUT MY
BULLETS IN
YOUR GONADS, YOU
CRAPTACULAR HATE-
MONGERS!

WE HAVE
TO GO NOW,
DEADPOOL! IF I DON'T
GET TO BASE AND REWRITE THE
H.A.M.M.E.R. ALGORITHM,
THE DEVICE WILL
GO OFF--

I'M GONNA "GO OFF" IN
ABOUT THREE SECONDS.
MS. HOTTIE MCCIENCE,
IF YOU KEEP RUBBING
MY THIGH LIKE THAT--

FOCUSING, WADE!!
BULLETS! DANGER!

AN ACTIVE W.M.D.
ON U.S. SOIL!

THAT STANDS FOR
WOMAN ON MY D--?

FOCUS!!

BOOET
BOOET

EXCUSE THE HELL OUT
OF ME! JUST A LITTLE
SEXUAL HUMOR TO
BREAK THE SEXUAL
TENSION. I'M ON
THE CASE--

DO YOU
HEAR THAT?

HEAR WHA--
AIIIEEEEE!!!

YOU REALLY
DON'T HEAR
THAT?

BOOET

BOOET

**BOLEET
BOLEET**

IT'S IRRITATING...
LIKE SCRAPING.
PARIS HILTONS ON
A BLACKBOARD...

DO ME A FLAVOR,
SUGARBOOBS, AND
CHUCK SOME BULLETS
FOR ME.

WHAT?!
I CAN'T--

I'M SORRY,
THE LAST THERAPIST I
KIDNAPPED SAID IT'S AN
ADULT A.D.D. THING. I CAN'T
CONCENTRATE WHEN
THERE'S WEIRD
NOISES...

...E, LIKE THAT
DOESN'T EVEN REGISTER.
BONES CRACKING AND BEGGING
FOR YOUR LIFE, I'M LIKE
"WHATEVER," BUT THIS
FREAKIN' BEEPING--

AIEEE!

**BOLEET
BOLEET**

SUCCESS! I AM
MASTER OF MY OWN
POUCHES!!

OH, HEY!
I BOUGHT THIS
WATCH WITH MY
OWN MONIES WHEN
I WAS SEVEN... I
WAS JUST A L'L
DEADDRIIP
THEN--

HELP
ME, YOU
*#\$%!

WHAT KIND
OF *\$%*#\$%*
SUPER HERO
ARE YOU?!

IT'S A
REMINDER
ABOUT,
YARMOLA?

WHO?

SWEET
SAUSAGE ON
A STICK...

PINKY
SWEAR.

MAN UP,
BUTTERBUNS, THEY'RE
JUST A BUNCH OF
FREAKIN' REDSHIRTS!
DON'T YOU HAVE A
PHD IN SOMETHING?

CANADA: A QUIET SUBURB ON THE EDGE OF TORONTO.

HON? HAVE YOU SEEN MY VEST?

I DIDN'T ASK YOU WHETHER OR NOT I WAS WEARING IT, I WAS ASKING WHERE IT IS.

YOU'RE NOT WEARING A VEST TO ANGIE'S.

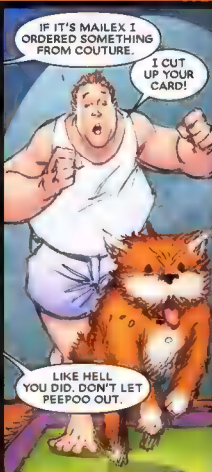
IT ISN'T COOL, YOU'RE NOT A JONAS BROTHER, YOU'RE IN YOUR THIRTIES.

I'M NOT TRYING TO BE COOL--

YOU HAVE TO HAVE ARMS FOR A VEST TO WORK. NOT HAMROLLS.

BETTER HAMROLLS THAN CANKLES.

WHAT?





A large comic panel showing Deadpool in his red and black suit, lunging forward with a sword raised. He is attacking a man in a silver helmet who is screaming. A third man is visible in the background, also screaming. The scene is filled with motion lines and blood splatters.

DO YOU REMEMBER
SISTER HATCHET FROM
OUR GLORIOUS MOTHER OF
BENEVOLENT PEACE
MIDDLE SCHOOL?

SKLTCHHH!

OH GOD!!!

I KNOW, RIGHT?
MEMORY LANE...OR IN
HER CASE "MAMMARY
LANE," WHICH WAS THE
PROBLEM. HOT NUNS
SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED
TO TEACH HEALTH.

BECAUSE IT
WAS IMPOSSIBLE
TO LOOK HER IN
THE EYES AND NOT
THE CELESTIAL
SPHERES--

BLEHH

--FOR WHICH
YOU'D **BE** PUNISHED...
AND ADMIT IT, EVEN AT
ELEVEN YEARS OLD YOU
KNEW THERE WAS
SOMETHING HOT
ABOUT THAT.

AAAAH!

HI. HOW'S IT
GOING? WE'RE
ALL GOING
TO DIE.

I STILL GET
TURNED ON WHENEVER
I SEE A PENGUIN
SERIOUSLY, CAN'T GO
NEAR THE ZOO.

ANYWAY IT WAS BECAUSE
I STARED TOO LONG AT SISTER
HATCHET'S NEW CHESTAMENT
THAT I WOUND UP IN
DETENTION HALL...

EXACTLY
TWENTY YEARS AGO
TODAY. SITTING NEXT
TO YOU.

IT'S OKAY.
IT'S JUST BLOOD
AND BRAIN MATTER.
YOU GET USED
TO IT.

I LIKE YOUR
T-SHIRT.

TEST-O-
CLEES?





WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THIS ONE?

SHHH.

OH COME ON. SHE CAN'T HEAR US. JUST LOOK.



I'M ALL ABOUT REDHEADS. I GOT A REDHEAD GIRLFRIEND--

BULL.

HER NAME IS BIANCA. SHE LIVES IN THE STATES. SHE'S COOL. ALL INTO MILK VANILLA.

OH, COOL.



BUT I'M GONNA DUMP HER AND MARRY THIS ONE.

MY DAD SAYS THE GIRLS IN THOSE MAGAZINES ARE...WHORES.

I HOPE SO. I'D LOVE TO MARRY A WHORE. SHE'D HAVE HER OWN JOB.

YOU'RE SICK, W--

"TEST-O-CLEES" PLEASE. IF I'M SO SICK, WHO ARE YOU GONNA MARRY?



HER.

PRINCESS GAIA? FROM GALACTIC AMBUSH?

WHY NOT? SHE'S NOT THAT MUCH OLDER...AND SHE'S NOT A WHORE. SHE WORKS IN HOLLYWOOD.



YOU'LL NEVER BAG GAIA. NOT EVEN IF YOU TOOK THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS.

WANNA BET?

...
TREAD LIGHTLY, YARMOLA...I TAKE THESE THINGS SERIOUSLY.



IN TWENTY YEARS, I WILL BE MARRIED TO PRINCESS GAIA...

PINKY SWEAR.

ALL RIGHT, DUDE. I'M PUTTING IT IN MY WATCH RIGHT NOW.

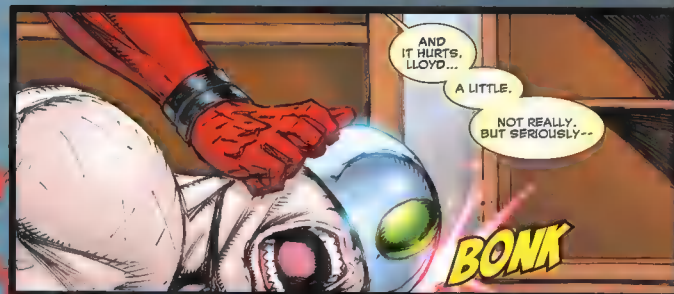


P-PINKY SWEAR?
Y-YOU CAME HERE... BROUGHT ALL THIS TO MY HOUSE...

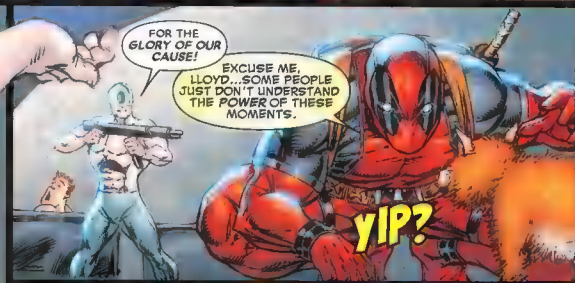
BECAUSE OF A BET WE MADE WHEN WE WERE ELEVEN!?!?

YOU SOUND APPALLED--AS OPPOSED TO TOUCHED--THAT I'VE KEPT OUR CHILDHOOD PROMISE.

THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES.



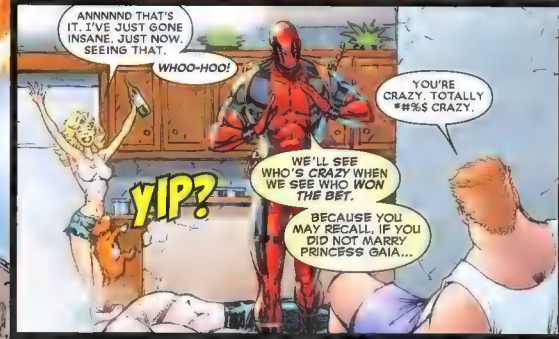
AND IT HURTS, LLOYD...
A LITTLE.
NOT REALLY, BUT SERIOUSLY--



FOR THE GLORY OF OUR CAUSE!
EXCUSE ME, LLOYD... SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THE POWER OF THESE MOMENTS.



NOTHING BREAKS A PINKY SWEAR!!!



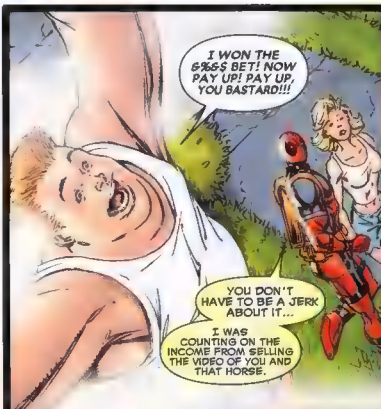
ANNNND THAT'S IT. I'VE JUST GONE INSANE. JUST NOW, SEEING THAT.

WHOO-HOO!

YOU'RE CRAZY. TOTALLY *#%\$ CRAZY.

WE'LL SEE WHO'S CRAZY WHEN WE SEE WHO WON THE BET.

BECAUSE YOU MAY RECALL, IF YOU DID NOT MARRY PRINCESS GAIA...



I WON THE \$66\$ BET! NOW PAY UP! PAY UP! YOU BASTARD!!!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A JERK ABOUT IT...

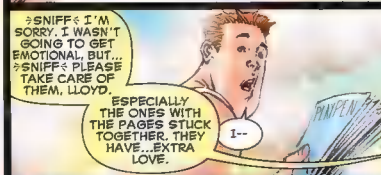
I WAS COUNTING ON THE INCOME FROM SELLING THE VIDEO OF YOU AND THAT HORSE.



BUT, A BET'S A BET... SO HERE YOU GO.

WHAT THE \$H\$ IS THIS?

OH, THEY'RE ALL THERE...MY ENTIRE COLLECTION OF PLAYPENS FROM THAT YEAR. AS... P-PROMISED...



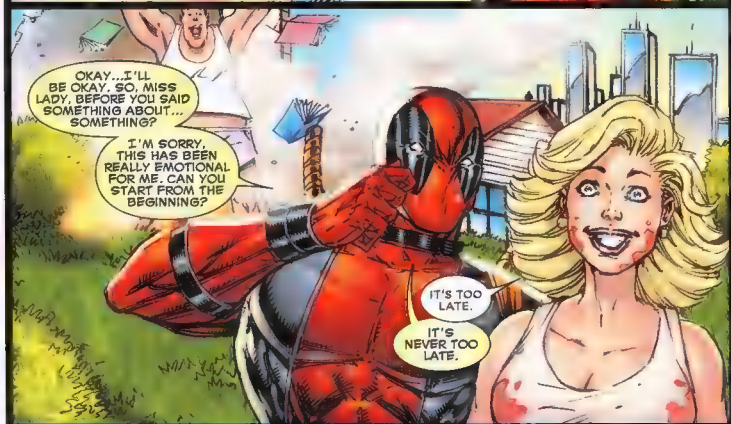
»SNIFF« I'M SORRY. I WASN'T GOING TO GET EMOTIONAL, BUT... »SNIFF« PLEASE TAKE CARE OF THEM, LLOYD.

ESPECIALLY THE ONES WITH THE PAGES STUCK TOGETHER. THEY HAVE...EXTRA LOVE.

I--



PLEASE, LLOYD. WIN WITH HONOR. WIN WITH HONOR. WIN WITH HONOR. YOUR HOME IS LOVELY.



OKAY...I'LL BE OKAY. SO, MISS LADY, BEFORE YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT... SOMETHING?

I'M SORRY. THIS HAS BEEN REALLY EMOTIONAL FOR ME. CAN YOU START FROM THE BEGINNING?

IT'S TOO LATE.

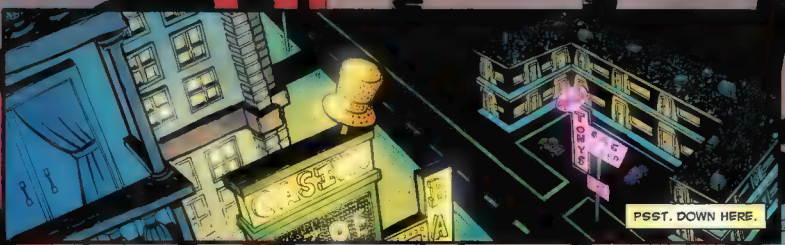
IT'S NEVER TOO LATE.



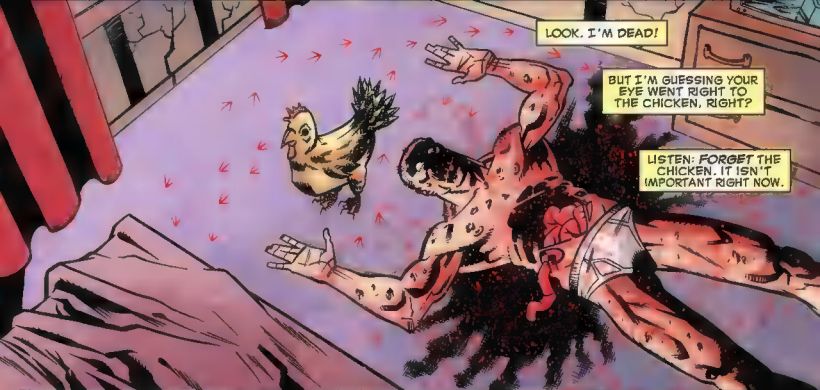
BIWOOM

HOW MUCH YOU WANNA BET???

END



PSST. DOWN HERE.



LOOK. I'M DEAD!

BUT I'M GUESSING YOUR EYE WENT RIGHT TO THE CHICKEN, RIGHT?

LISTEN: FORGET THE CHICKEN. IT ISN'T IMPORTANT RIGHT NOW.

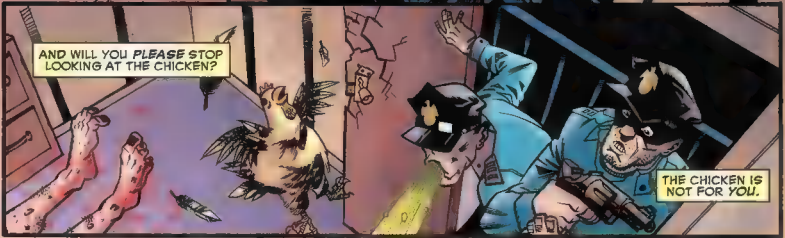


I MEAN, COME ON. I'M DEAD! THIS IS THE STUFF OF HIGH TRAGEDY, BITCHES! I'VE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL JUST AS ANYTHING WITH THE NAME "DEADPOOL" ON IT IS A GUARANTEED SELL-OUT THROUGH DIAMOND!

LAS VEGAS PD!
OPEN UP!



OH, THESE GUYS. I DON'T WANT THESE GUYS.



AND WILL YOU PLEASE STOP LOOKING AT THE CHICKEN?

THE CHICKEN IS NOT FOR YOU.



FINALLY, THE CRIME
SCENE GUYS. THAT'S
MORE LIKE IT.

THEIR LEADER--THE
ECCENTRIC DUDE WHO
SOMETIMES SHAVES,
SOMETIMES DOESN'T.

THE BLONDE
COULD HOTTIE!
HELLS YEAH!

THE NERDY HIPSTER WEARING
A T-SHIRT HIS MOMMY
ACCIDENTALLY SHRANK.

THE HANDSOME
BLACK GUY.



IF ANYBODY'S GOING TO
UNRAVEL THIS CRIME SCENE,
IT'LL BE THESE PEOPLE. IN
FACT, I'M COUNTING ON IT.



ALL RIGHT, HERE WE
GO. COME ON, COME
ON...SAY IT.



WOW. SOME
PEOPLE COME TO
VEGAS AND JUST
GO TO PIECES.

UNBELIEVABLE. ALL THAT
WORK, ALL THAT MESS
BREAKING INTO THE
COOP...AND HE BLOWS
THE LINE BEFORE THE--

What Happens in Vegas...

DUANE SWIERCZYNSKI
WRITER

SHAWN CRYSTAL
ARTIST

LEE LOUGHRIDGE
COLORIST



OKAY, THIS ALONE
IS WORTH BEING
DEAD. RRRRRROW.

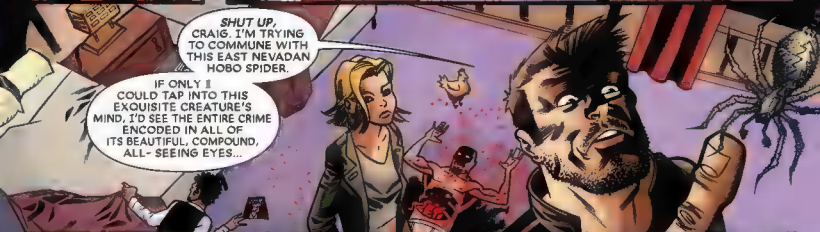


I'D SAY TIME
OF DEATH WAS...
EEESH, SOMETIME
DURING THE
EARLY 1990S.



BOOBIE MAGS.
ENOUGH TO LAST A
LONG, LONELY VACATION.
TOO BAD THEY'RE A
LITTLE SINGED.

YOU KNOW,
THIS REMINDS ME OF
THAT CASE FROM LAST
YEAR, WHERE...



IF ONLY I
COULD TAP INTO THIS
EXQUISITE CREATURE'S
MIND, I'D SEE THE ENTIRE CRIME
ENCODED IN ALL OF
ITS BEAUTIFUL, COMPOUND,
ALL-SEEING EYES...



AMAZING, HE NOTICES
THE SPIDER, BUT
NOT THE CHICKEN.

YES, I KNOW YOU'VE
NOTICED THE CHICKEN,
DEAR READER. CONGRATS,
YOU'RE MY HERO.
NOW SHADDAP.



THINK WE'RE
DEALING WITH
A SEX CRIME
HERE, GUYS.



REALLY? WHO'D
HAVE SEX WITH
THIS THING?

NICE. AND I WAS
PERFECTLY WILLING
TO OVERLOOK THE
TOE-THUMBS, SISTER.



SERIOUSLY GUYS, THIS IS JUST LIKE THAT CASE IN HENDERSON WHEN...

ENOUGH, CRAIG. THERE'S A BLAST PATTERN IN THIS WEB I NEED TO PRESERVE.



SO WE'VE GOT A SEX CRIME, AND A MANGLED BODY. WHAT I'M THINKING IS...

THEY SPEND A COUPLE OF HOURS KICKING AROUND GOOFY THEORIES ABOUT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME.

MY FAVORITE, THOUGH, IS THE ONE ABOUT THE HOOKER WHOSE SALIVA JUST SO HAPPENED TO TURN INTO CORROSIVE ACID WHEN MIXED WITH A PARTICULAR BRAND OF BREATH MINTS.

I MEAN, REALLY, GUYS. YOU WORK VEGAS. SHOW ME A HOOKER WHO USES BREATH MINTS.



BUT THE FUN COULDN'T LAST FOREVER.

I THINK THE BODY NEEDS TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED. LET'S PACK HIM UP FOR DR. BRAYLE.



OH YEAH? WELL THE BODY IS SAYING: I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE YOU HAVEN'T FIGURED THIS OUT YET. OR NOTICED THE FREAKIN' CHICKEN.

SERIOUSLY! HOW MANY CRIME SCENES INVOLVE CHICKENS? LIVE ONES, ANYWAY?





THIS GUY'S
A SUPER HERO FETISHIST.
DRESSES UP IN HIS TIGHTS,
ENJOYS GETTING THE CRAP KICKED
OUT OF HIM. I KNOW THE
TYPE. HELL, I'VE DATED
THE TYPE.



THAT WAS
JUST THAT
ONE TIME...

ANYWAY, WE
SHOULD BE LOOKING OUT FOR
PEOPLE DRESSED UP LIKE SUPER
VILLAINS--ESPECIALLY ONES
WHO VISIT ADULT BOOKSTORES
ON A REGULAR BASIS.



AND I'LL TRACE
THE FABRIC ON THIS
COSTUME TO PARTICULAR
FETISH SHOPS, AND
BASED ON THAT...



ALL RIGHT, ALL
RIGHT, ENOUGH
ALREADY!



AND YOU...OH
YEAH, TOTAL TOE-
THUMBS. YOU AND MEGAN
FOX SHOULD START A
SUPPORT GROUP.



YOU PEOPLE
TOTALLY MISREAD THE
ENTIRE SCENE.

IT SHOULD'VE
BEEN PLAIN AS DAY,
BUT YOU GUYS JUST
WENT AND--

WAIT--WHICH
OF YOU IS
TALKING?

AND YOU--
HIPSTER NERD BOY, YOU
WERE RIGHT. THIS SHOULD
REMIND YOU OF A PREVIOUS
CASE YOU WORKED
IN HENDERSON.

THAT'S BECAUSE
YOU USED ONE OF
YOUR COCKAMAMIE
THEORIES TO CONVICT
AN INNOCENT MAN
AND SEND HIM TO
THE GAS CHAMBER.

NO, NO. WE HAD THAT
ONE NAILED DOWN. THAT
PERVO ACCIDENTALLY
ELECTROCUTED THE
ENTIRE WING OF A
MOTEL THANKS TO A
SESSION OF AUTO-
EROTIC ELECTRICAL
STIMULATION
GONE WRONG.

NOPE. IT
WAS A CLEANING LADY
WITH A FAULTY VACUUM
CLEANER. AND YOU
KNEW IT.

CLOSE
ENOUGH!

OF COURSE,
THIS CLEANING LADY
ALSO HAPPENED TO BE
BANGING THE CHIEF
OF POLICE--

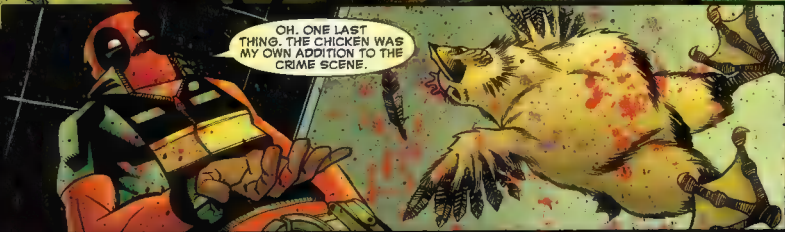
SEE! IT
WAS A SEX
CASE.

AND YOU
ALL TOOK PAYOFFS
TO FRAME MY CLIENT--WHO
WAS JUST ENJOYING THE PRIVACY
OF HIS HOTEL ROOM WITH SOME
JUMPER CABLES, A TUB OF CRISCO...
AND, UH, 237 BOOBIE MAGS--
INSTEAD OF DOING
YOUR JOBS.

YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO
FIGURE OUT THE
CONNECTION, FEEL
THE FIERCE PANGS OF
GUILT, AND THEN
I WAS SUPPOSED
TO SHOOT YOU ALL
IN THE FACE.

SO WHAT
ARE YOU GOING
TO DO NOW?

DUH.



GET IT? FOWL?
FOUL?

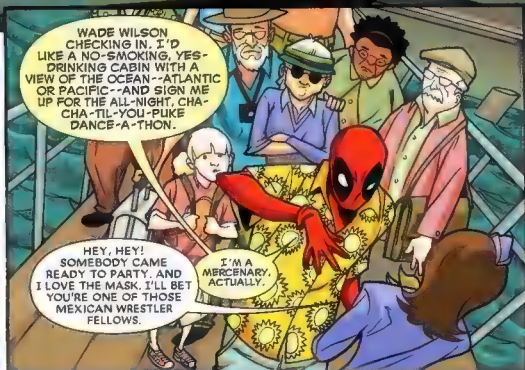
I PRETTY MUCH SPOON-FEED YOU THE LINE, AND YOU STILL MISS IT. UGH. WHAT IS THERE, A WRITER'S STRIKE, OR SOMETHING?

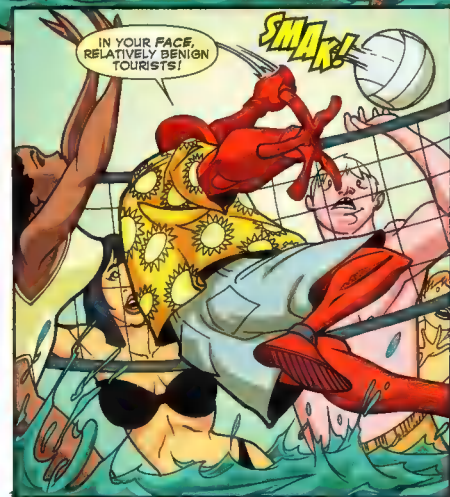
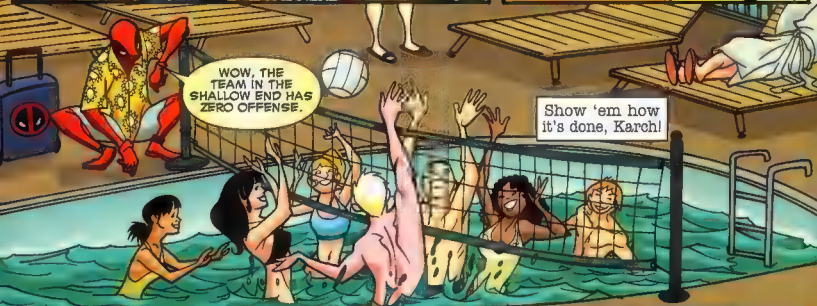
OH, AND THE SCHMUCK WITH THE MAC SITTING HERE WANTS ME TO ADD THAT ANY RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THIS STORY AND ACTUAL FORENSICS TV SHOWS IS COMPLETELY UNINTENTIONAL. BLAH BLAH BLAH.

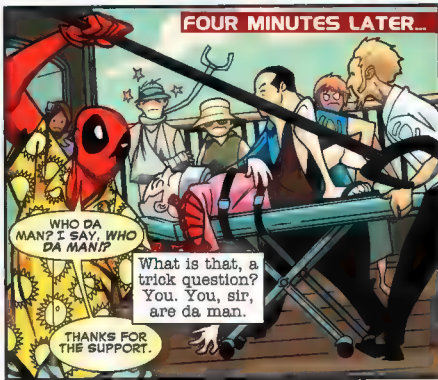
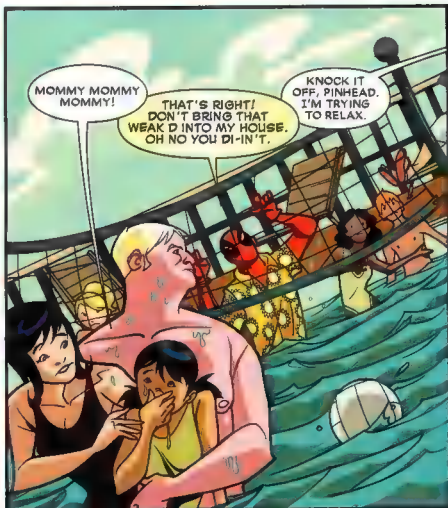


WHEN YOU SAID IT WAS TIME
FOR A VACATION, DIDN'T
ENVISION ANYTHING SO...LAME.

Unstarch your shirt,
dude. I foresee many
umbrella drinks.







OKAY, WHO'S GOT THE BALLS? WHO THINKS THEY CAN GO PADDLE-A-PADDLE WITH THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH. WHO WANTS SOME? YOU WANT SOME? I AM THE MAC-DADDY OF TABLE TENNIS. THE POOBAH OF THE PADDLE. THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF--

OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! ENOUGH! LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY WAY TO GET YOU TO SHUT THE HELL UP IS TO HAND YOU A HUMILIATING DEFEAT.

AND WHO'S GONNA SERVE UP THIS HUMBLE PIE? YOU, SHEMP?

Shemp?

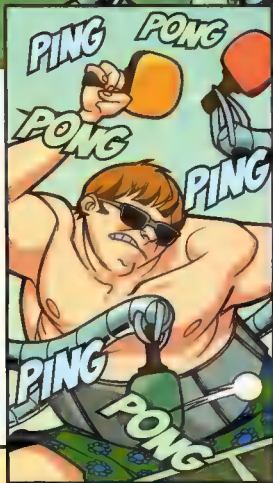
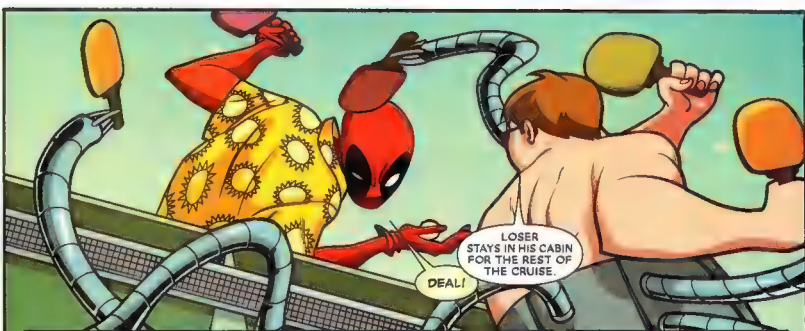
THE HAIRCUT?

Ah.

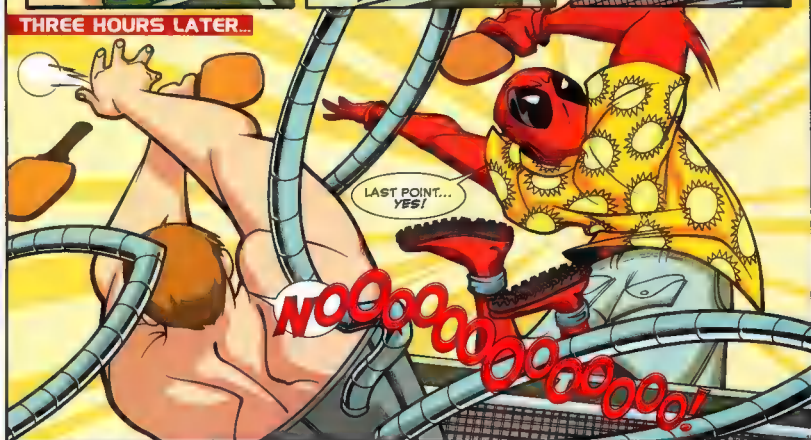
YES, ME, FOR I AM...

THE MIGHTY DOCTOR OCTOPUS!

AND I PLAYED A LOT OF PING-PONG IN COLLEGE.



THREE HOURS LATER...





HA! I
RULE, AND YOU
SUCK EGGS.

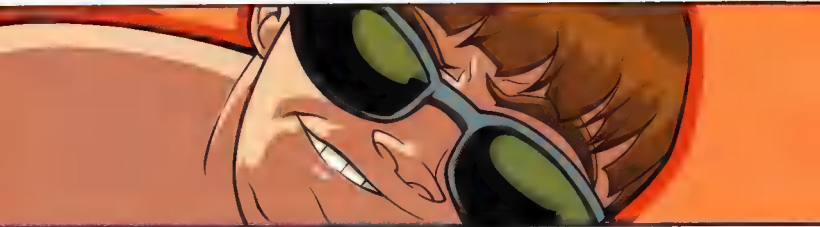
I THINK
YOU'RE LOOKING
TO GET HIT IN THAT
FAMOUS MOUTH
OF YOURS.



YEAH, RIGHT!
LUCKY FOR YOU
THE VACATION CODE
KEEPS ME FROM LAYING
A SMACKDOWN ON
YOU RIGHT HERE
AND NOW.

Vacation code?

YOU KNOW,
NO SUPERS SHALL
RUIN A VACATION BY
THROWING DOWN WITH
OTHER SUPERS. YOU
GOT TO AGREE TO THE
VACATION CODE. IT'S
THE CORNERSTONE OF
OUR CIVILIZATION.



TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



YOU'RE TELLING
ME THERE'S NOT A
VACATION CODE?

BZZZZZZPFFFT-AH-HA. I'M
BACK. NOW AS I WAS
SAYING-OH, MY GOD, WHAT
THE HELL HAPPENED?

OH,
SHUT UP.

*Great Balls of Thunder
on the Deep Blue Sea*

**VICTOR
GISCHLER**
WRITER

**SANFORD
GREENE**
PENCILER

**NATHAN
MASSENGILL**
INKER

**DAVE
MCCAIG**
COLORIST

IT'S A CHICKEN OR
THE EGG THING.

No it's not.

SAYS THE CHICKEN.



MEANING YOU TASTE
LIKE FROG.

I?

CUZ WHEN ANYONE HAS
FROG LEGS, THEY SAY
IT TASTES LIKE CHICKEN.



Are you calling
me chicken?

BOK-BOK-BOK-
BOK-BOK.

Meaning?



What does my
taste have to
do with this?

IT'S NOT LIKE I SAID
YOU TASTE LIKE
ARMADILLO RECTUM.

Who would even
know what that
tastes like?



SOME BUSHMEN
SOMEWHERE.

No way anyone
eats rectum.

LOOK IT UP.

That's just sick.

WHICH BRINGS
US BACK TO
YOUR TASTE.



CUZ YOU
ARE THE RECTUM-
TASTING CHICKEN
WHO DECIDED TO
START THIS IN A
BATHROOM.

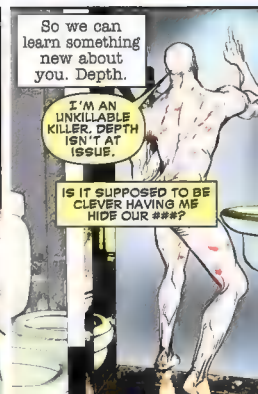
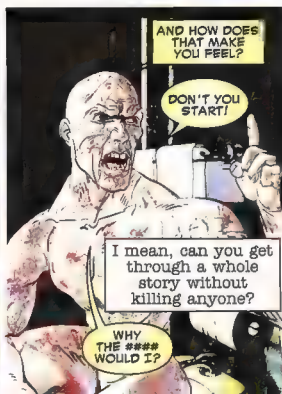
Did not.

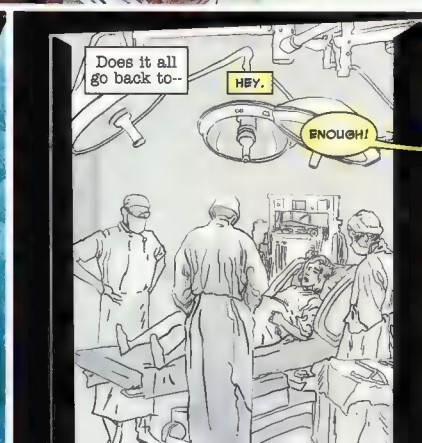
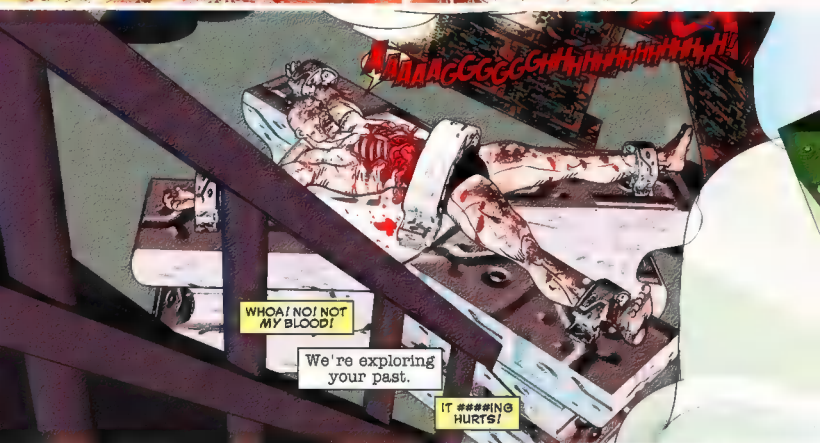
OH, THAT'S FUNNY.





LIKE THIS!







This?

IS THAT?

ENOUGH
WITH THE BLOOD
MONTAGE!

Sometimes the
connections are
pretty obvious.

MOM?

NO
###ING
COMMENT.

*knock-
knock*



ANYWHERE
IS OKAY.

DID THEY REMEMBER
THE BUTTER-
SCOTCH PUDDING?

DID YOU
REMEMBER THE
BUTTERSCOTCH
PUDDING?

UM, YES,
SIR, WE...
>HURLPK



DID YOU
JUST THROW UP
IN YOUR OWN
MOUTH?

UMPH-
UH.

YES HE DID.

That's
disgusting.

LIKE YOU HAD
NOTHING TO
DO WITH IT.



NO TIPS
FOR MOUTH-
PUKERS.

It just happened!
I didn't plan it!

PLEASE.

YOU KNOW,
THAT HAS PUT
ME COMPLETELY
OFF MY PRIME
RIB DINNER.

Don't know what you're
doing ordering that
stuff anyway.



IS THAT A
FAT THING? AM
I SUPPOSED TO
BE LIVING ON
STEAMED CHICKEN
BREASTS?

OR FROG LEGS.

STOP
THAT.

It's just that you're
broke. Everyone knows
it. So how do you
afford this place?



I GOT
SOME MONEY
HANDS.

You got your
hands on
some money?

DID I
SAY THAT?

NO.



I GOT
SOME MONEY
HANDS.

DIDN'T ~~SEE~~ THAT
ONE COMING.

Gratuitous.

SAYS
YOU.



They were obviously
handing over the money.
You didn't have to chop
their-I mean-Come on!

LOOK, YOU
TELL ME HOW I
WAS SUPPOSED TO
CARRY ALL
THAT STUFF.

AFTER ALL--



I ONLY
GOT TWO
HANDS.

WELL NOW IT'S
MORE LIKE SEVEN.

AND I
NEED THESE
TWO FOR
KILLING.

IF WE EVER
GET TO.



Aren't you tired of that kind of thing?

NOPE.



Doesn't it ever feel redundant?

CAN'T SAY THAT IT DOES.



Like maybe it'd be interesting to do something new?

LIKE HAVING MY ~~TIME~~ WASHED ON A BIDET?



It was a new experience anyway.

SO WAS WATCHING A GUY PUKE IN HIS OWN MOUTH.

NOPE. SEEN THAT BEFORE.

But the bidet did feel nice.



WELL...

IT WAS...

REFRESHING.

See!





NOT JUST SAYING
THAT FOR EFFECT.
LITERAL MOUTH-PUKE.

MY MOM DIED
HAVING ME.

LIKE IF YOU ATE
ARMADILLO RECTUM.
THAT KIND OF
MOUTH-PUKE.

ANYONE
I EVER CARED
ABOUT--



AND I GET
TREATED WORSE
THAN WHEN I'M JUST
PLAIN KILLING PEOPLE
FOR MONEY.

IT WAS A CIRCULATION
THING. GOOD GUYS SELL
BETTER THAN ANTI-HEROES.

Tell that to Wolver--



I CAN'T
EVEN GROW
HAIR.

COMES IN
PATCHES.

CAN I
GET BACK TO
MY POINT?

CIRCULATION!



--I'VE BEEN
REJECTED BY
EVERY ONE OF
THEM.

OR BEHEADED
BY THEM.

I TRY
TO BE A GOOD
GUY--

NOT MY IDEA.



DON'T EVEN
SAY THAT
NAME, MAN!

THAT GUY GETS
AWAY WITH MURDER.

LITERALLY!

AND HE
GETS CHICKS.

STUPID
SIDEURNS.



EXACTLY.
CHICKEN AND EGG.
CIRCULATION.

You know, I
don't think--

YEAH, YOU
DON'T THINK.
THAT'S PART OF
THE POINT.

THOUGHTLESS.





BUT THAT
CULT THING HELPS
OUT HERE.

IMAGINE IF WE
HAD THAT "BUB"
GUY'S NUMBERS.

THIS
WOULD TAKE
FOREVER.

AND HE DID KILL LIKE
FIFTY THOUSAND
PEOPLE IN ONE ISSUE.

THAT
SOUNDS DO-
ABLE.

SWEET OBLIVION,
HERE WE COME!

Wait! So. You're
killing your readers
so you can die?



YOU GOT
A PROBLEM
WITH THAT?

CUZ WE'VE KILLED
IT ~~BEFORE~~ BEFORE.
NOT THAT IT HELPED.

BUT WE'D
BE HAPPY TO
TRY AGAIN.

No! No. It's just,
well. I don't think
this is a chicken
or the egg thing.

OH WELL.

OH, MAN, HE'S
TOTALLY RUINING
THE RESALE
VALUE ON
THAT THING.



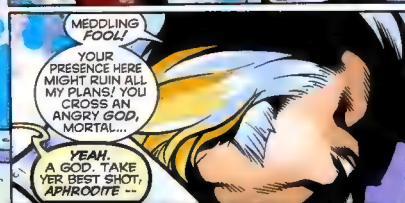
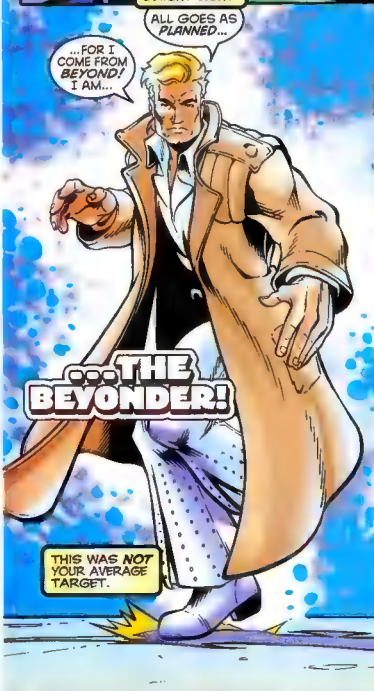
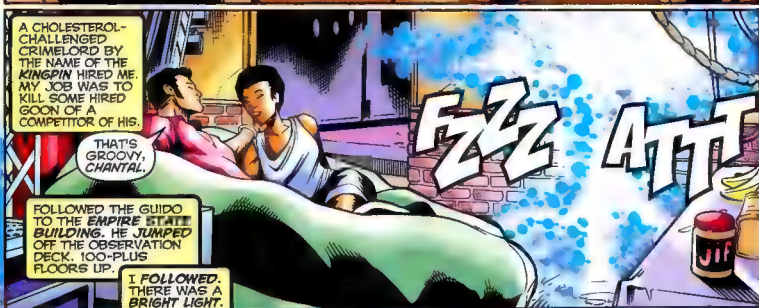
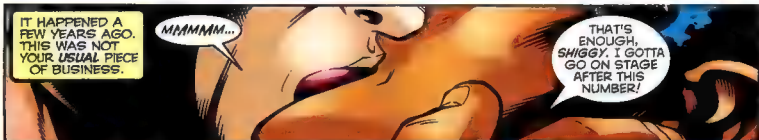
IT'S A
COLLECTOR'S
ITEM NOW.

ONE DOWN. FORTY
SEVEN THOUSAND.
NINE HUNDRED AND
SIXTY-ONE TO GO.

I'm never going
to work again.

ONE DOWN

CHARLIE HUSTON WRITER KYLE BAKER ARTIST





COULD SOMEBODY PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YEAR IT IS? 'CAUSE UNLESS I'M DREAMING, THAT REDNECK OUT THERE SHOULD HAVE DIED YEARS AGO.

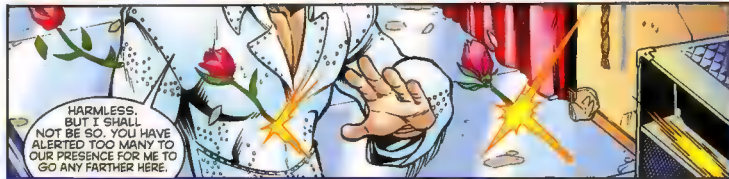
THAT WAS **FREAKIN'** EL -- AND NOW YOU LOOK LIKE HIM!



I KNOW WHO HE WAS, YOU GNAT. I WAS SUPPOSED TO TAKE HIS PLACE AND BE THE NEXT MESSIAH IN THE YEAR 1998! I AM FROM BEYOND!



MESSIAH? THE ONLY THING YOU'RE GOING TO BE IS SHISH-KABOB. AND AS SOON AS I FIND MY LUNGS, I'M TAKING YOU BACK TO THE KINGPIN FOR SUPPER!



HARMLESS. BUT I SHALL NOT BE SO. YOU HAVE ALERTED TOO MANY TO OUR PRESENCE FOR ME TO GO ANY FARTHER HERE.



NOW THE BEYONDER SHALL MAKE YOU PAY. SEE HOW YOU LIKE...

...MEETING YOUR DOOM AT THE DAWN OF TIME!

THIS ONE WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY -- BUT I NEVER LEAVE BUSINESS UNFINISHED...©



CHANTAL, BABY... GET ME A SYRINGE FROM THE KING'S DRESSING ROOM. MY BOSS'LL HAVE USE FOR THIS BLOOD, I THINK...

YICK!
GROSS!

...OTHERWISE IT COMES BACK TO FINISH YOU.

© THE STUPEFYING CONCLUSION TO MADE WILSON'S TIME-TRAVEL TROUBLE ENDS IN SECRET WARS III #2! -- HATT

AS FAR AS I CAN FIGURE, THE STORY MUST HAVE PICKED UP NINE MONTHS LATER -- PROBABLY IN A BLACK MARKET CLINIC IN KOBE, JAPAN.

YEAH... KOBE'S WHERE THEY'D GO TO DO THE MEAT-MARKET WORK.

<THIS IS AN AUSPICIOUS DAY, SHIGERU. A SIZABLE CHUNK OF MY MONEY WILL HOPEFULLY BEAR FRUIT TODAY.>@

<AND IT IS ON YOUR NECK IF IT DOES NOT...>

TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE SO... PAY ATTENTION! -- NATT

<I GOT YA, BOSS.>

<SHIGERU, YOUR FATHER MESSED UP BAD FOR THIS ORGANIZATION. LOST CONTROL. COST MONEY AND LIVES.>

<INCLUDING HIS OWN.>

<HEY BOSS.>

<BUT HE WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME. WE FOUGHT BACK FROM STARVATION AFTER THE WAR. BUILT UP ALL THIS...>

<HEY BOSS.>

<HEY BOSS.>

<I SENT YOU TO HAWAII TO PROTECT YOU. THESE MEN WOULD KILL YOU IF I WASN'T HERE.>

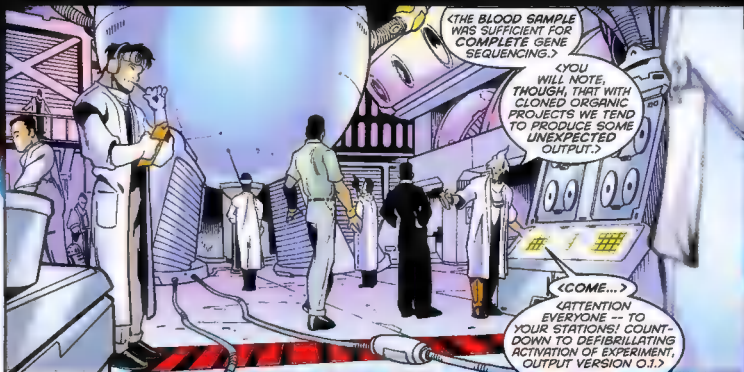
<HEY BOSS.>

<HEY BOSS.>

<HEY BOSS.>

<I PURPOSELY KEPT YOU IN MENIAL POSITIONS TO TEMPER THEIR JEALOUSY OF MY... INTEREST IN YOU.>

<AH, BOSS... JUST IN TIME! THE EXPERIMENT IS READY!>



ZERO!

WRRNNNOOO





<GOOD! VIOLENT TENDENCIES REPLICATED FROM THE DONOR. HE WANTS TO MURDER YOU... NOW.>

<WITH ELECTROSHOCK TRAINING, THAT VIOLENCE WILL BE TRANSFERRED TO A SUBJECT OF YOUR CHOICE. HE WILL BE A GOOD, OBEDIENT BEAST.>

<UNEXPECTED, BUT IRRELEVANT. WE HAVE ACTUALLY IMPROVED ON THE SOURCE MATERIAL.>
<QUICKER REFLEXES, GREATER PROPORTIONAL STRENGTH, UNEQUALED STAMINA... AN UNSTOPPABLE KILLER -- BETTER IN EVERY WAY THAN THE ORIGINAL DEADPOOL.>

<A PERFECT KILLER. WITH NO TIES OR LOYALTIES EXCEPT TO THIS ORGANIZATION.>

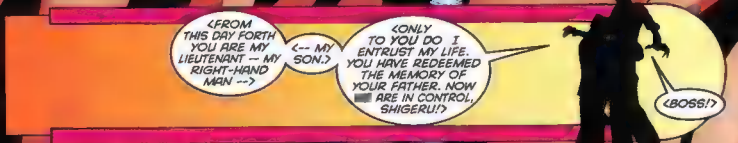


<WE WILL TRAIN HIM TO THE BEST. YEARS IF IT TAKES. AND THEN, AND ONLY THEN, AFTER THE MOST DIFFICULT OF ASSIGNMENTS AND TESTS...>

...WE WILL SEND HIM ON THE KILL I HAVE WAITED YEARS TO BE DONE.

<WH-WHAT, BOSS?>

<SHIGERU. PACK YOUR BAGS. YOUR LIFE IN HAWAII HAS COME TO AN END...>



<FROM THIS DAY FORTH YOU ARE MY LIEUTENANT -- MY RIGHT-HAND MAN -->

<-- MY SON.>

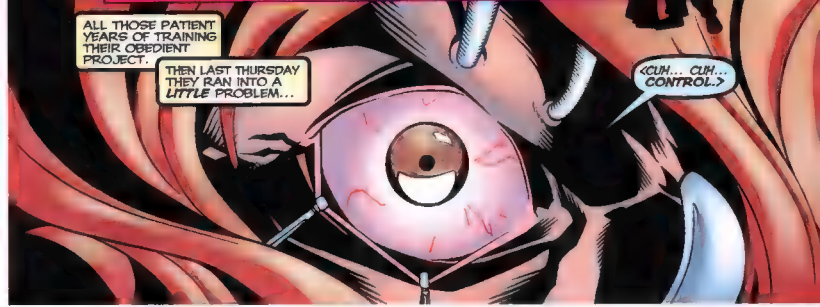
<ONLY TO YOU DO I ENTRUST MY LIFE. YOU HAVE REDEEMED THE MEMORY OF YOUR FATHER. NOW ARE IN CONTROL, SHIGERU!>

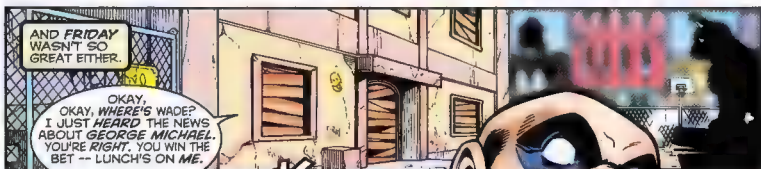
<BOSS!>

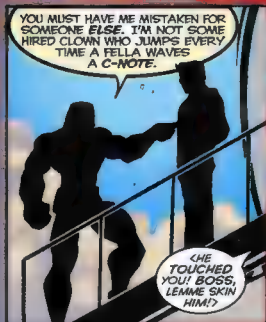
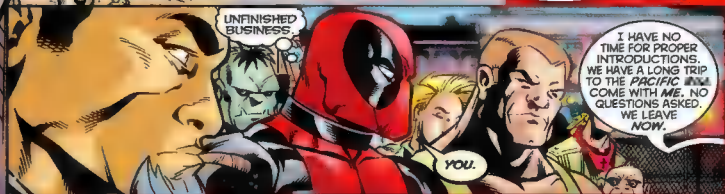
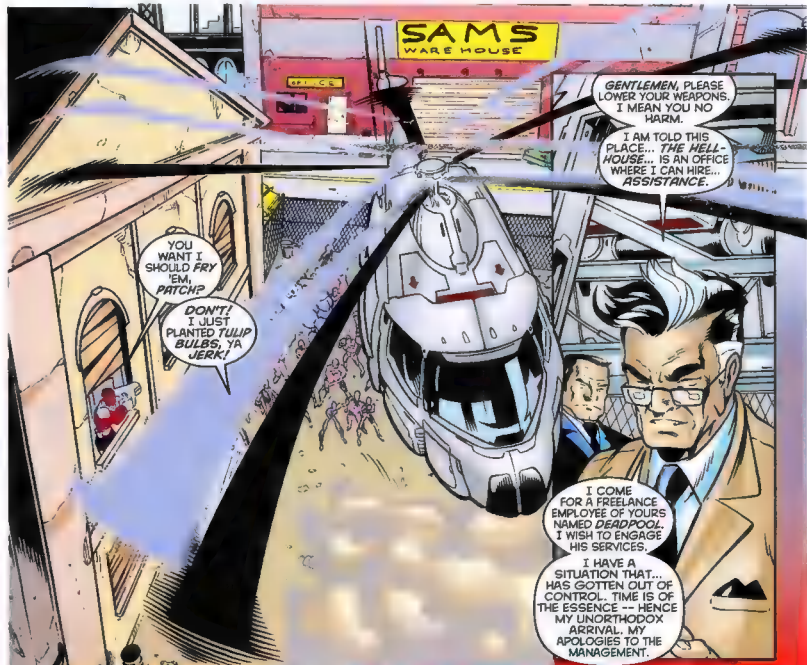
ALL THOSE PATIENT YEARS OF TRAINING THEIR OBEDIENT PROJECT.

THEN LAST THURSDAY THEY RAN INTO A LITTLE PROBLEM...

<CUH... CUH... CONTROL.>











<NOW THIS WAS THE WORK OF ONE SICK PUPPY -- TAKE IT FROM THE MAC-DADDY WISHBONE OF SICK PUPPIES.>

<YOU GOIN' TO BURY THIS GUY OR GIVE HIM TO SOMEONE'S GRANNY FOR A JIGSAW PUZZLE?>

<WHO WAS THE POOR SLOB? THIS WAS ONE BODY, RIGHT?>



<HE WAS MY RIGHT-HAND MAN. MY LIEUTENANT. TONIGHT I HAVE TO TELL HIS WIFE, CHANTAL, WHAT... HAPPENED.>

<LIEUTENANT? IS IT HARD TO REPLACE ONE OF THOSE?>



<SEE THIS HAND? IN MY PROFESSION, YOU LOSE ONE JOINT OF A FINGER FOR EVERY MISTAKE YOU MAKE.>

<SHIGERU... MY LIEUTENANT -- HE WAS MISSING NO FINGERS. BECAUSE OF MISTAKES HIS FATHER MADE, HE DID NOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO MAKE MISTAKES UNTIL NOW.>

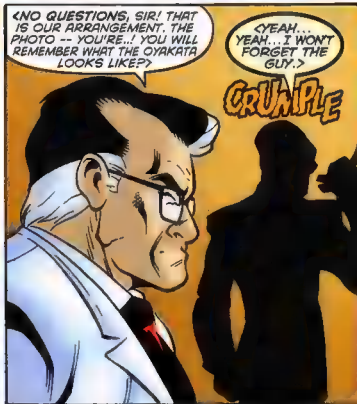
<HE WAS IRREPLACEABLE. JUST LIKE THESE MISSING JOINTS OF MINE.>



<THIS IS THE OYAKATA, A COACH OF RIKISHI -- WHAT YOU CALL SUMO WRESTLERS. HE IS THE KILLER'S NEXT TARGET. STOP THE KILLER.>

<FOR ME, FOR SHIGERU.>

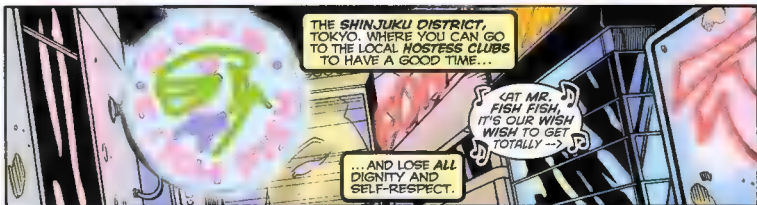
<TH-THIS... IS THE TARGET... YOU WANT... SAVED? UH... WHO IS THIS KILLER? ANY CLUES?>



<NO QUESTIONS, SIR! THAT IS OUR ARRANGEMENT. THE PHOTO -- YOU'RE...! YOU WILL REMEMBER WHAT THE OYAKATA LOOKS LIKE?>

<YEAH... YEAH... I WON'T FORGET THE GUY.>

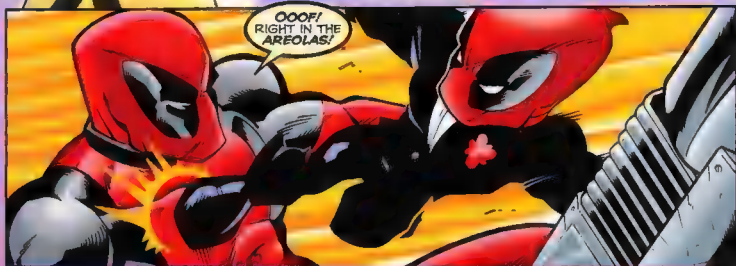
CRUMPLE



BOOM!

SNAPPY MASK, I'M STILL GONNA HAVE TO BLOW THAT TOMAHAWK OUT YER

THIS TYKE'S QUICK, AND HE'S GOT THE MOVES. HEY... THOSE ARE MY MOVES!





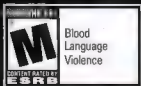
FOR 10 YEARS, THE COVENANT HAS BESIEGED OUR CIVILIZATION, ANNIHILATED OUR CITIES, AND DESTROYED OUR PLANETS. IT IS NOW, IT IS UP TO YOU. VOLUNTEER FOR SERVICE AND FIGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH THE FINEST WARRIORS THE HUMAN RACE HAS EVER KNOWN. THE ODST. JUMP INTO HELL—FEET FIRST. AND WHEN THE COVENANT LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS AND SEE THEIR JUDGMENT RAINING DOWN, THEY WILL UNDERSTAND THAT HUMANITY'S LAST BREATH IS NOT SO EASILY EXTINGUISHED—AND THEY WILL KNOW FEAR.

PREPARE TO DROP.

HALO 3

ODST

ORBITAL OVERSHOOT TROOPER



Microsoft
game studios

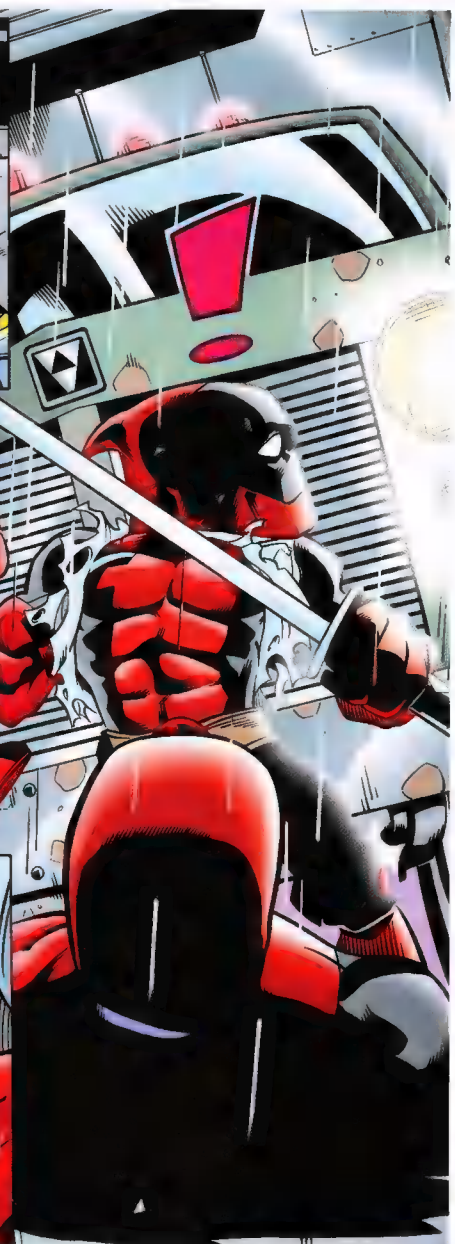
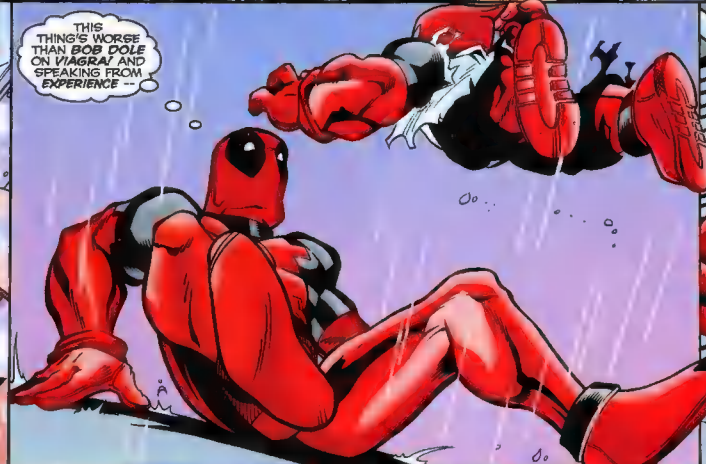
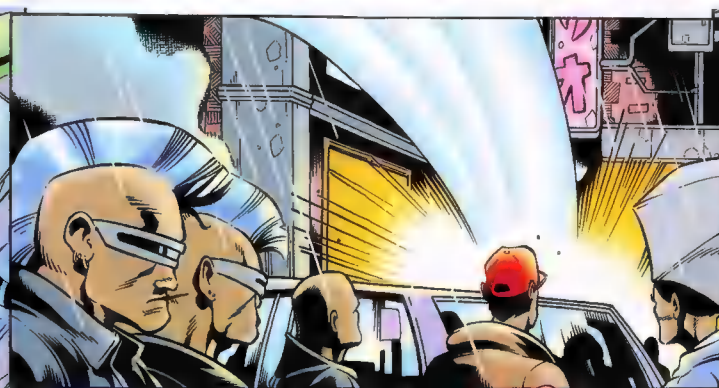
BUNGIE

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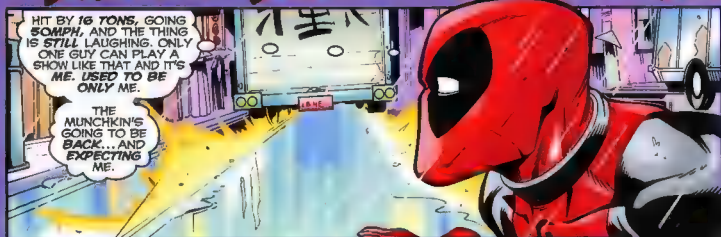
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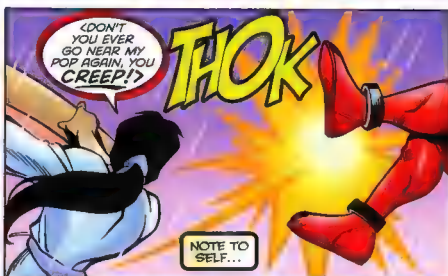
Jump in.





HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA





THE OYAKATA HAD BEEN A BIG COMPETITOR IN HIS TIME -- THE **TOPS** -- THE GREATEST.

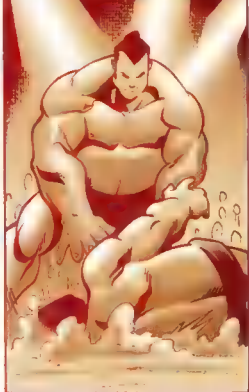
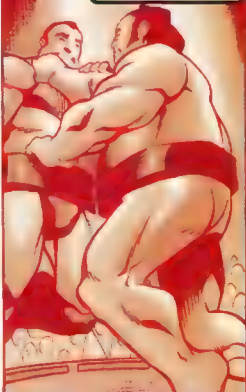
HE HELD THE HIGHEST RANK IN THE SPORT, **YOKOZUNA**.

HE WAS KNOWN FOR A CERTAIN MOVE, A **TRIP**. IT PUT A SLEDGE-HAMMER'S AMOUNT OF PRESSURE ON HIS OPPONENT'S BACK. THEY WOULD HAVE TO FALL, OR HAVE THEIR SPINE **SNAPPED**.

THE PRESS USED TO SAY THE MOVE WOULD BE **LETHAL** IF IT WASN'T DONE BY THE EXPERT HANDS OF THE OYAKATA.

IN HIS TIME, HE WAS **UNBEATABLE**.

SO, HE WAS TO BE MY **HURDLE**.



EVERY DAY I'D CRAWL INTO THE RING -- AND EVERY DAY I WOULD BE SLAPPED DOWN. IT WAS PAINFUL. VERY PAINFUL.

«THAT'S ALL YOU GOT, BOY? GONNA LET AN OLD MAN KNOCK YA DOWN?!»

BUT I SLOWLY GOT **FASTER**...

«YOU FEEL ANGRY? SHAMED? WELL, THEN DO SOMETHING!»

...AND **STRONGER**...

«LET IT OUT! LET OUT THE FURY! LET OUT THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE!»

...AND **FATTER**!

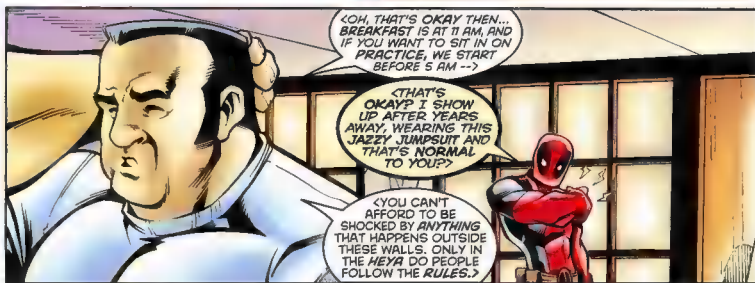
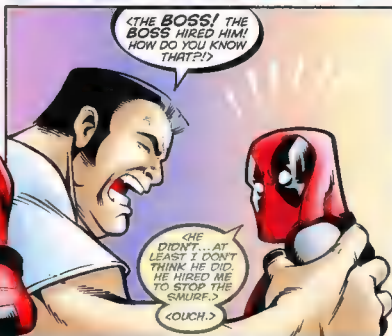
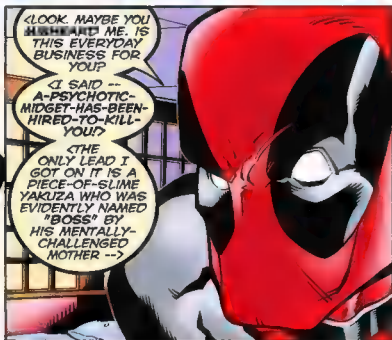
«WHERE'S THAT LITTLE DEMON INSIDE YOU? YOU A FIGHTER OR A PUPPY?!»

ONE MORNING, PROUDEST OF MY LIFE, I FOUND MY TECHNIQUE -- THE **MESUINU TSUPARI**.

I SLAPPED THE OYAKATA DOWN. ME.

WHAAAP

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I WAS **UNBEATABLE**!

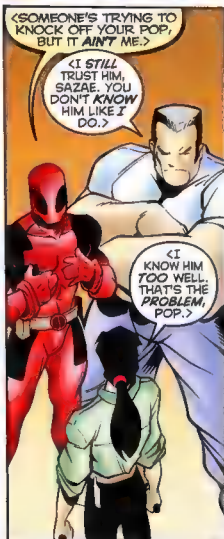




<POP,
YOU OKAY?
GET OFF HIM,
CHIYO -->

<-- BEFORE I
CHOP
YOU OFF!>

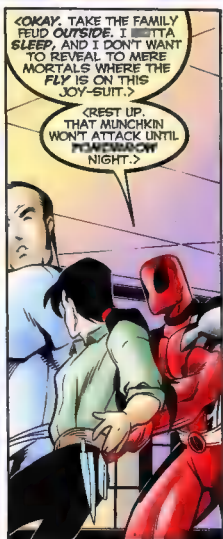
<KEEP HER
AWAY FROM MY
G-R-O-I-N!>



<SOMEONE'S TRYING TO
KNOCK OFF YOUR POP,
BUT IT AIN'T ME.>

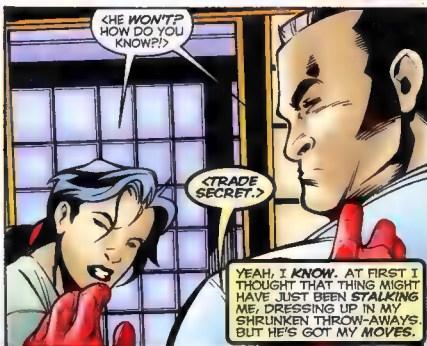
<I STILL
TRUST HIM,
SAZAE. YOU
DON'T KNOW
HIM LIKE I
DO.>

<I
KNOW HIM
TOO WELL.
THAT'S THE
PROBLEM,
POP.>



<OKAY. TAKE THE FAMILY
FEUD OUTSIDE. I GOTTA
SLEEP, AND I DON'T WANT
TO REVEAL TO MERE
MORTALS WHERE THE
FLY IS ON THIS
JOY-SUIT.>

<REST UP.
THAT MUNCHKIN
WON'T ATTACK UNTIL
MORNING
NIGHT.>



<HE WON'T
HOW DO YOU
KNOW?>

<TRADE
SECRET.>

YEAH, I KNOW. AT FIRST I
THOUGHT THAT THING MIGHT
HAVE JUST BEEN STALKING
ME, DRESSING UP IN MY
SHRUNKEN THROW-AWAYS
BUT HE'S GOT MY MOVES.



AND HIM LIVING THROUGH THAT TRUCK
SETTLED IT -- HE'S ALSO GOT MY
ACCELERATED HEALING FACTOR.
HE'S ME, WITH HALF THE CALORIES.

WEIRD, BUT NO WEIRDER
THAN ANYTHING ELSE
ON THIS FIELD TRIP --
AND THAT'S A NICE
BON-BON TO GO
TO SLEEP ON...

FIGURED I'D DO A
LITTLE ~~MISSION~~
THE NEXT DAY.
KILLING SOME TIME
MY BIG GIG.

I FORGOT HOW
DISTURBING
TOKYO IS IN THE
EARLY MORNING.
WITH THE LIGHTS
ON, YOU CAN SEE
HOW CLEAN AND
WELL-BEHAVED
EVERYONE IS.

I DON'T LIKE IT. IT SHOWS
DEEP-SEATED MENTAL
PROBLEMS. SICKOS.

IT'S THE QUIET ONES YOU
GOTTA WATCH OUT FOR.
ALWAYS SOMETHING
BUBBLING UNDER THE
SKIN OF NORMALNESS.

I ONCE KNEW A
SHY LITTLE BOY.
USED TO PULL
THE WINGS OFF
PARAKEETS WHEN
AUNTIE WASN'T
LOOKING.

HIS NAME WAS
WEBSTER.

CUTE, CHUBBY-CHEEKED KID.
HE TAUGHT ME NOT TO TRUST
THE INNOCENT-LOOKING ONES.
THIS BADGE THE BOSS GAVE
ME IS MY TICKET TO THE
"WEBSTERS" AROUND HERE.

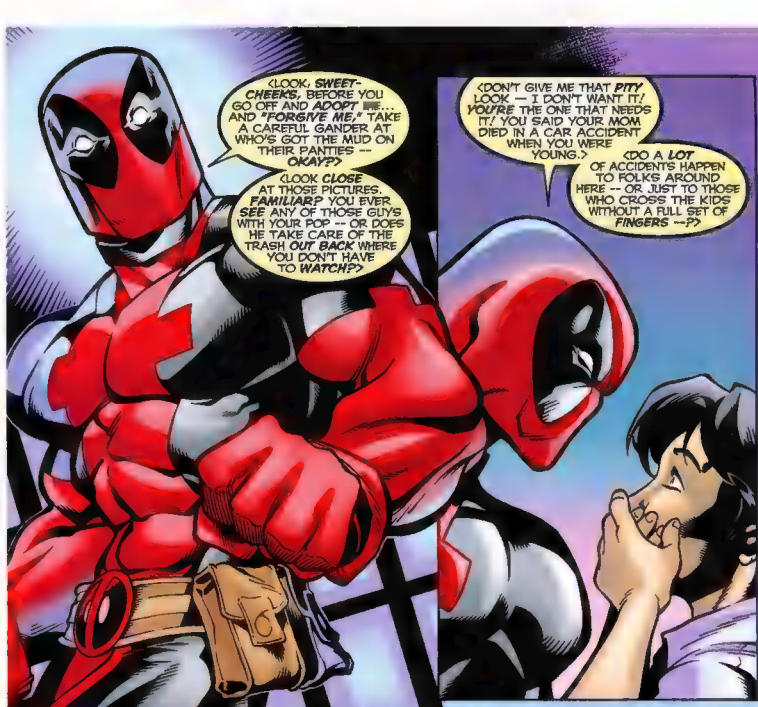
LET'S SEE... YAKUZA
ASSASSINATIONS...
AH, HERE... UNSOLVED.

YEAH, I THOUGHT SO.
THERE'S A CANCER IN
EVERY CHERISHED
MEMORY OF MINE, JUST
WAITING TO ERUPT.

17 VICTIMS. SNAPPED SPINES.
ONE SUSPECT -- NO EVIDENCE.

SOMEONE JUST
PULLED THE
WINGS OFF MY
PARAKEET...

EAT SUGAR!



LOOK, SWEET-CHEEKS, BEFORE YOU GO OFF AND ADOPT ME... AND "FORGIVE ME," TAKE A CAREFUL GANDER AT WHO'S GOT THE MUD ON THEIR PANTIES -- OKAY??

LOOK CLOSE AT THOSE PICTURES. FAMILIAR? YOU EVER SEE ANY OF THOSE GUYS WITH YOUR POP -- OR DOES HE TAKE CARE OF THE TRASH OUT BACK WHERE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WATCH??

<DON'T GIVE ME THAT PITY LOOK -- I DON'T WANT IT! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT NEEDS IT! YOU SAID YOUR MOM DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG.>

<DO A LOT OF ACCIDENTS HAPPEN TO FOLKS AROUND HERE -- OR JUST TO THOSE WHO CROSS THE KIDS WITHOUT A FULL SET OF FINGERS --??>



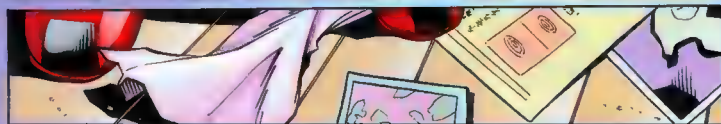
<YOU MONSTER!>

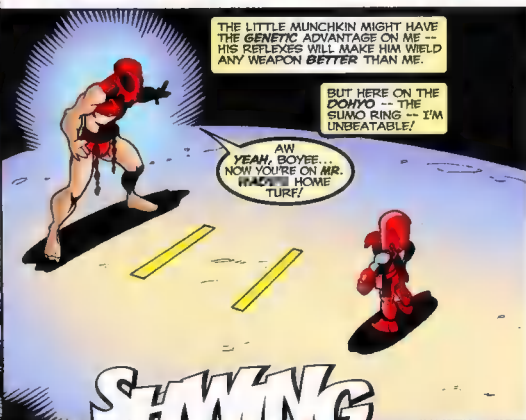
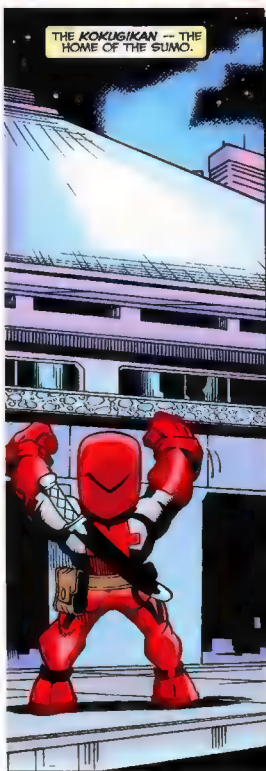
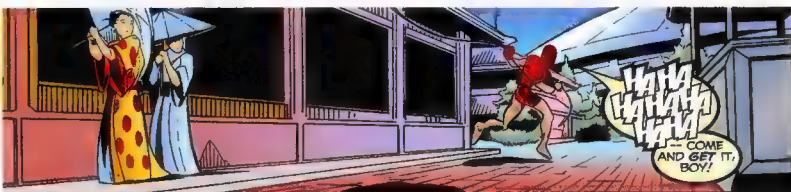
<MY FATHER IS A GOOD MAN!>

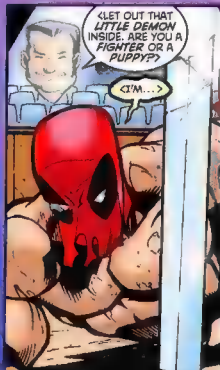
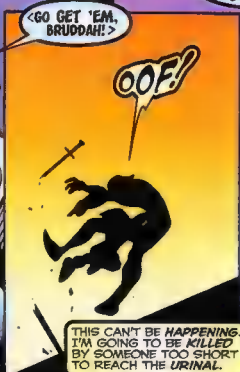
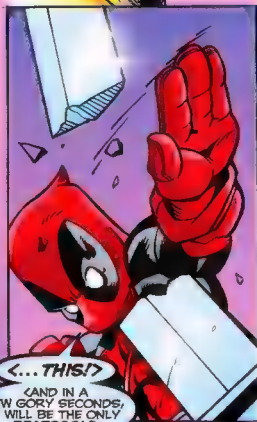
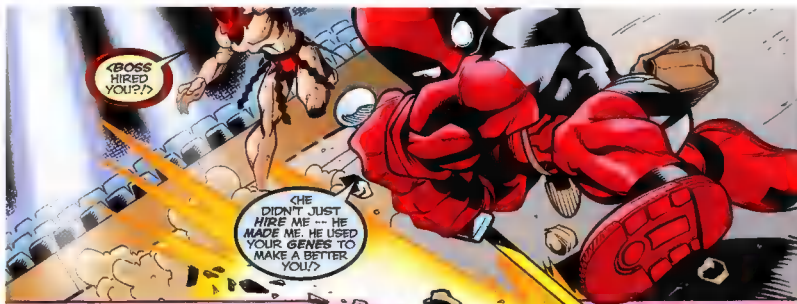
<I KNEW YOU WERE HERE TO CAUSE TROUBLE!>

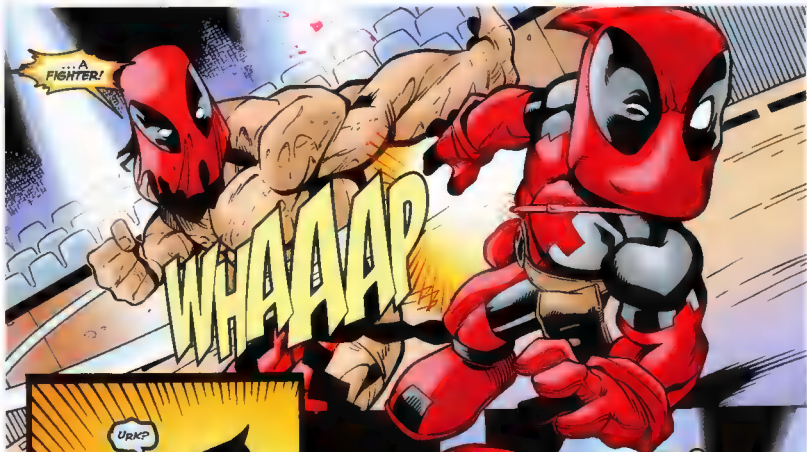


<GET OUT! TAKE YOUR LIES AND NEVER COME BACK!>





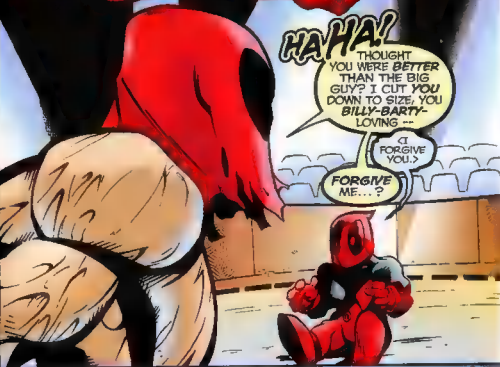




WHAAAAP



URK?



HAHA!

THOUGHT YOU WERE BETTER THAN THE BIG GUY? I CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, YOU BILLY-BARTY-LOVING ---

I FORGIVE YOU...

FORGIVE ME...?

<SPEAK JAPANESE. THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME ENGLISH -- WERE AFRAID I'D SEEM YOU OUT.>

<THESE THOUGHTS HURT. MAN, THE ANGER. KILLING DOESN'T HELP IT ANY. HAS IT HELPED YOU, DEADPOOL? IF I LIVED A DAY LONGER, A DECADE LONGER, IF I KILLED THE AMOUNT OF PEOPLE YOU KILLED... WOULD I FEEL ANY BETTER IN THIS SKIN?>

<IT'S OKAY. GOOD LUCK, BROTHER. I'VE FOUND PEACE. NOW YOU FIND YOURS. TAKE OFF MY MASK -- I DON'T WANT TO DIE UNDER A MASK.>



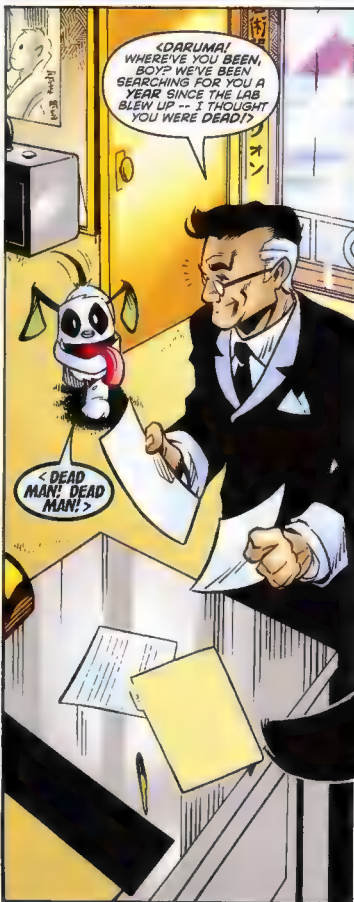
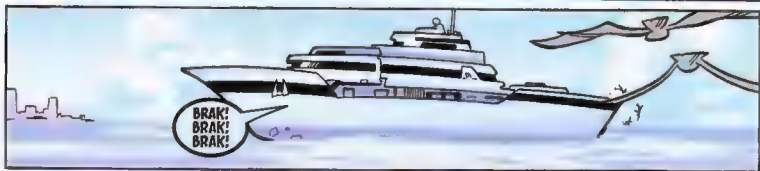
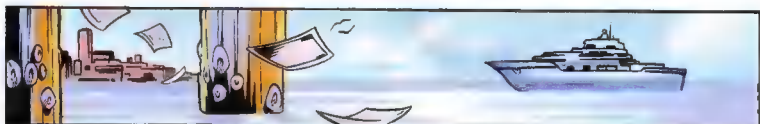
<YOUR F-FACE! IT'S NOT SCARRED!>

<HEY, I WAS MANUFACTURED. YOU THINK YOUR GENES MEANT YOU TO LOOK LIKE THAT?>



NATURE AIN'T THAT MESSED UP...OR THAT CRUEL. WE'RE THAT CRUEL... I...I...





DEADPOOL 900

Cover Gallery 1-100



DEADPOOL 900

Cover Gallery 101-200



DEADPOOL 400

Cover Gallery 201-900



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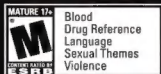


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